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No. 441

On the Road to Parnassus

A PLAY IN TWO SCENES

BY

KATHARINE MORSE, A. M.

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SAMUEL FRENCH, 28-30 West 38th Street, New York City
New and Explicit Descriptive Catalogue Mailed Free on Request

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TIME: *The present.* PLACE: *A modern school.*
CHARACTERS: *Four school girls; a Greek youth,
APOLLO; the Nine Muses; a Prologue.*
FIRST GIRL, *dreamy, sentimental.*
SECOND GIRL, *just a plain, unimaginative girl.*
THIRD GIRL, *bad-mannered, good-natured, homely,
comical.*
THE GREEK YOUTH, BELLEPHON, *who rode
Pegasus.*



On the Road to Parnassus

SCENE I: *Lively music before the curtain rises. PROLOGUE steps before curtain.*

PROLOGUE:

We hear so much about emancipation,
And we strive for higher education;
Is there anything left to know
From the days of long ago?
We shall see.

Our scene is, first, a road to Dreamland.
Our characters, the girls we know so well—
A group of students joyous,
And a youth who won't annoy us
By having of himself too much to tell.

They are seeking for Apollo and The Muses,
On Parnassus (where they do what'er he
chooses).
Where we find the ancient culture
And the age of manners rare,—
On Parnassus with its snowy peak in air.

Let us follow them on the way
To a distant, gracious day,
And find what great Apollo has to say.

(Same lively music; curtains part, disclosing a hall-

6 ON THE ROAD TO PARNASSUS

way in a school. Enter the four girls; two with arms intertwined, giggling, chattering; the comic girl behind these a few steps, preoccupied with her notebook, regardless of the others. The first girl enters from the opposite side of the stage, dreaming, head in air. She bumps into the first two violently, whirling them about.)

FIRST GIRL. Oh, pawdon me!

SECOND GIRL. Well, Daphne! What are you doing, dreaming in a busy world like this?

FIRST GIRL. Oh, I've been reading Greek myths for English class, and I'm on the road to Parnassus—*(Others giggle derisively)*—in imagination.

THIRD GIRL. *(Who has regarded her with amused scorn, then returns to the notebook, but looks over it, to ask a naive question)* Parnassus! It sounds vaguely familiar, but dreadfully high-brow. Didn't some girls live there once—poets, or musicians, or something like that?

FIRST GIRL. Those were *The Muses*, you silly; and Apollo lived there, too! *(Very sentimentally.)*

THIRD GIRL. Thanks, old dear; my I. Q. in classical subjects is very low—in fact, a minus quantity.

FIRST GIRL. *(Regardless of the interruption)* Parnassus, Parnassus! the goal of all my dreams! *(Gazes into the distance.)*

FOURTH GIRL. Oh, you sentimental thing!

FIRST GIRL. Shall I tell you girls what it is?

(Other girls, half bored, half amused, consent; she gathers them around her.)

SECOND GIRL. All right, go ahead!

FIRST GIRL. *(Roguishly)*

Parnassus is a hill of Greece,
Renowned in myth and fable.

The Muses Nine there live in peace
And dance if they are able.

(Takes a few dancing steps. All applaud.—“Splendid, Daph! Go on!”)

And dance if they are able;
And if they're not, why, then they sing
(Those not Terpsichorean),
Apollo listens, handsome thing!
To the music empyrean.

In balmy Greece these Muses Nine,
Upon their snowy mountain,
Just dance and sing;
Know everything!
And never worry, never pine,
As I do over tasks of mine;
But like their famous fountain,
Their knowledge bursts
In joyous spurts.

Apollo is their teacher—
That glorious young creature!
So there my tastes incline,
And I'm on my way this very day
To join the Muses Nine.

(All repeat laughingly)

And she's on her way,
This very day,
To join the Muses Nine! *(All clap.)*

FOURTH GIRL. *(Giggling)* It certainly *sounds* attractive; suppose we all go!

SECOND GIRL. Ye-es, but I don't dance Terpsichorean dances. *(She awkwardly imitates DAPHNE'S dancing steps.)*

THIRD GIRL. Never mind, *you'll* learn!

FOURTH GIRL. (*Reconsidering*) And I don't play the harp.

FIRST GIRL. Oh, it isn't a real harp, you know; it's only a lyre anyway, so don't worry.

SECOND GIRL. It sounds sort of cold—"snowy mountain."

(*All shiver except THIRD GIRL, who has for some time been absorbed in her notebook again.*)

FIRST GIRL. I'll tell you what: Let's go up there and modernize Parnassus! Emancipate the Muses! And teach Apollo a few things about modern education!

(*During this speech a youth in Greek costume has entered, looking wonderingly about him. He is BELLEROPHON, who rode Pegasus. He limps slightly and leans on a long staff.*)

THIRD GIRL. (*Who has seen him from the first and interrupts with*) Look what's just dropped down right into the middle of the twentieth century!

FOURTH GIRL. *Who is he?*

SECOND GIRL. How good looking!

THIRD GIRL. (*Skirting around him like a small dog*) But so unfortunate with his limp! (*By this time she is on the other side of him, so that he is in the midst of the group.*)

BELLEROPHON. Ah, some girls! I'm right glad to meet some cheerful humans. Do you—a—mind—a—if I stop awhile, and —a—chat?

FOURTH GIRL. (*Whispers to others*) Let's ask him to tell us his story.

BELLEROPHON. You want to know all about me. I can see that; and as I'm one of that class called geniuses, who always want to talk about themselves,

it will give me great pleasure to oblige you. Besides, I haven't seen any real girls for so long that I'm fairly aching to know you. (*Rubs his lame foot.*)

FIRST GIRL. (*Gushingly*) Do tell us your name first.

BELLEROPHON. Bellerophon is my name, and I'm the hero that tried to ride the wingéd horse, Pegasus. He was the steed, you know, who kicked a hole in the Muses' mountain, and a stream of water gushed forth—otherwise, poetic inspiration.

THIRD GIRL. Pegasus! Another high-brow name! I never heard of him before. Tell us some more about him.

BELLEROPHON. (*Gathering them about him*)

Did you never hear of a skittish cuss

Named Pegasus?

Who kicked up such a precious fuss

Near Pactolus?

As you may know, he's a wingéd horse,

And every Greek youth felt, of course,

That he must ride this horse or die;

Among the lot was I.

So one day near the Muses' well,

I waited till his shadow fell,

And when he came to drink, indeed,

I caught the wingéd steed!

Minerva gave this horse, you know,

To the Muses many years ago,

But they were foolish, I surmise;

(Not all young girls are wise).

At any rate he flew away,

And was not found until the day

When with Minerva's magic rein,

I caught the steed again.

Like wine divine,
 I drank the air as up I soared!
 But when, alas! Jove's thunder roared,
 I lost my head, and down I fell
 Beside the Muses' well.

Now, riding Peg was sport enough,
 But falling off was rather tough;
 So as for me, I certainly
 Do thus to Pegasus. (*Kisses fingers to the air.*)

FOURTH GIRL. How *unfortunate* that you didn't reach your goal!

THIRD GIRL. (*Derisively*) By poetic flights, did you say?

SECOND GIRL. But at least you had one grand ride, didn't you?

THIRD GIRL. You mentioned the Muses. We are just starting on the road to Parnassus to find them. Come with us! Apollo will be delighted to see a man; he must get fearfully tired of those nine girls all the time!

BELLEROPHON. I'll see you on your way, but no more flights for me! My advice to you is—Don't try to ride Pegasus; he isn't *practical*. Besides, the aeroplane has rather put the old horse out of business. If you must soar, use a modern method. But, really, now I think of it, I believe even you modern girls might learn some things from old Apollo and the Sacred Nine.

(BELLEROPHON *stands aside courteously to allow the girls to pass out before him. DAPHNE goes first with ecstatic expression; SECOND and FOURTH GIRLS with interlocked arms next, giggling and chattering; THIRD GIRL has gone back to pick up the precious notebook which she dropped in her excitement. This leaves her*

at the opposite side of stage. She then takes dancing steps—awkward ones—all the way across, singing, "Parnassus is a hill of Greece, renowned in myth and fable." BELLEPHON politely waits for her, and she ends her song with a mock curtsy just in front of him as they exit.)

CURTAIN

SCENE 2: *Parnassus, a mountain of Greece.*

PROLOGUE. (*In front of curtain, after soft music for a moment*)

Parnassus! theme of poetry and song;
Apollo rules thee and the Muses throng
There radiantly. They pass the golden hours
Untouched by storms of earth or human powers.
Their lives are gentle; and their manners pure
Flow from the source of happiness secure.

What can we restless mortals learn from these,
Serene above our hurrying destinies?
Let us pursue our students and their guide,
And seek Apollo on Parnassus' side,
With Muses Nine who round their leader
throng—
The patrons they of poetry and song—
And find what words of wisdom they may give
To us, who still upon this earth must live.

(*Music. Curtains part to disclose APOLLO seated on a raised dais at the right of stage, looking like his classic statue, lyre under left arm, chin on right hand. He is musing on human and divine events.*)

(*Enter from left the school girls, led by BELLEROPHON, chattering, giggling; all but DAPHNE, who sees the god immediately and gazes at him with awe and delight.*)

(*APOLLO rises courteously in expectation of a greeting. BELLEROPHON bows deeply, then leans on*

his staff in amused tolerance, waiting for the noise to subside. DAPHNE motions to the others to be quiet, but they pay no attention at first. Under APOLLO'S statuesque calm, however, the chatter gradually dies down; one girl after another looks at him, abashed, until only the THIRD GIRL is left talking. She says, "Listen!" (APOLLO gazes at her in deep consideration. She giggles and rearranges her hair in embarrassment. He continues his imperturbable calm until she is quiet.)

APOLLO. Mortals, evidently, are you not? You will pardon me if I note your lack of immortal calm in voice and gesture. What seek you on Mount Parnassus? Ah, Bellerophon! still limping, I see, after that unfortunate fall. I trust you have learned wisdom since that accident and have not again aspired to reach the abode of the gods.

(BELLEROPHON shrugs his shoulders in whimsical resignation, then bows gracefully to APOLLO.)

FIRST GIRL. *(Effusively)* Great Apollo! We have come to seek inspiration, ideas, motivation, higher education—maybe to give some—*(Coquetishly)*. We have decided to be teachers, and we have heard that you are one of the greatest teachers who live. Give me some hints for our life work!

APOLLO. Do you by chance know the great Greek maxim that is carved on the doorways of many of their temples—the advice I gave my son, Phaethon, when he drove my chariot too near the earth?

GIRLS. Nah! Uh! Uh! *(They shake their heads as if all this were very much beside the point and they were distinctly bored. DAPHNE, however, is open to conviction and listens attentively.)*

APOLLO. Ah! I see the moderns have new methods of responding to question.

DAPHNE. (*Rebuked*) No, great Apollo, what was the maxim?

APOLLO. My advice to Phaethon was, Avoid extremes; the middle path is best. Do you mortals know as yet the niceties of dress and manner, the gentle ways of living, the social graces, the charm of unhurried movements, the beauty of a woman's voice? It is long since I have strayed amongst you dwellers upon earth.

(*During these questions the girls answer, "Sure! Certainly! Of course! Yes!" APOLLO pauses in each case for silence before proceeding.*)

APOLLO. (*Signaling*) Muses Nine!

(*Enter the MUSES from each side. They take classic postures in greeting to APOLLO. GIRLS retire to back stage, where they exchange notes on the MUSES.*)

APOLLO. Our guests to-day are some mortals, maidens from yonder Earth's metropolis, and their guide, Bellerophon. Make them welcome to Parnassus. Calliope, Clio, Erato, Euterpe, Melpomene, Polymnia, Terpsichore—— (*THIRD GIRL, giggling. "Oh, that's the one that dances!"*)

APOLLO. (*Waiting with calm for silence*) Thalia, Urania. Let us offer the divine nectar to our guests.

(*During the introduction of the MUSES they advance and bow to the GIRLS, showing how young ladies should acknowledge an introduction. Much byplay among the girls meanwhile. Enter HEBE bearing a Greek amphora and drinking vessels. She salutes APOLLO.*)

APOLLO. Serve our guests with the drink of the gods.

(Here follows a lesson in serving properly; HEBE doing it beautifully, the GIRLS accepting awkwardly. The FOURTH GIRL is much taken with HEBE and cranes her head after her, so that she forgets to raise her cup to APOLLO as the others are doing, and has to be nudged by the THIRD GIRL. All drink to APOLLO. HEBE then removes the cups. Music during this function.)

APOLLO. Let music sound, Terpsichore!

(TERPSICHOIRE advances with rhythmic movements and waves to unseen singers. A chorus back of the stage sings, while the GIRLS seat themselves on a Greek bench at APOLLO's right and below his dais. MUSES in statuesque attitudes listen to the music.)

GIRLS. Oh, good! Good! *(They applaud loudly.)*

APOLLO. *(Rises and starts to speak)* When the gods went to school to old Centaur—

GIRLS. Centaur! Who was he?

APOLLO. Those who interrupt another are not allowed to speak again at the councils of the gods. As I was saying, old Centaur, as you know, was half-man, half-horse—very old and ugly, very peculiar; in fact, a wise but rather severe old pedagogue. The heroes and most of the gods went to school to him. We had hard work to learn that the old, the maimed, and the unfortunate must be shown the gentlest deference by the young.

POLYMNIA. Apollo! *(He inclines toward her.)* May I not ask the mortals a question? *(He assents.)* What mean certain motions you use from time to time? For instance, *your* foot? Is it a new rhyth-

mic motion of the body, or perchance a sad affliction of what you moderns call nerves, that you continually swing it to and fro? I, too, wish to learn. (GIRLS giggle and keep feet quiet.)

URANIA. And *you*, mortal, what perennial food do you constantly chew? Is it some immortal nourishment, like our ambrosia?

ERATO. And why do *you* apply to your charming features a foreign substance out of a small box? Is it to ruin your beauty, or perchance the symbol of some new cult?

CLIO. And *your* features and hands twist continually, and *you* rearrange your hair from time to time, and your vesture also. Why do you do these things?

FIRST GIRL. (*Springing to her feet, somewhat nettled*) Oh, we are modern youth; we are emancipated from your stiff old conventions!

MUSES. Are we stiff?

SECOND GIRL. Listen, girls! This isn't what we came to Parnassus for. We are not telling them anything about modern education.

BELLEROPHON. I've had some experience as a mortal, and I've also known something of the gods. Listen to them and be wise.

URANIA. We were taught by great Apollo, when the world was young, that stillness of person and steadiness of feature are signal marks of good breeding.

FOURTH GIRL. Oh, our own Emerson said that!

URANIA. And he drank from the Muses' well.

APOLLO. May I, too, be inquisitive? Why do you address one another as—"Listen!" Have you but one name amongst you? And why shout in another's ear when she is near enough to hear a whisper?

THIRD GIRL. Oh, we live in New York, where noise is everywhere. It isn't calm there like Parnassus.

TERPSICHORE. But our guests grow restive under our well-meant questionings. Can we not entertain them with matters more to their taste?

FIRST GIRL. (*Gushingly*) Oh, if you only would——

TERPSICHORE. What, gentle maiden?

FIRST GIRL. Dance for us! As you are wont to do on high Olympus, when all the gods meet in council, and Apollo plays the lyre.

ALL THE GIRLS. Ah, do! Dance for us, Muses!

(MUSES *move in rhythmic figures while APOLLO touches the lyre. Soft music from back of stage. BELLEROPHON and GIRLS on benches watch delightedly.*)

SECOND GIRL. (*Rises and comes forward, partly addressing the audience*) Really, girls, it is lovely here, so high and serene, and how sweet the Muses are, and how stately Apollo! Perhaps lovely manners and calm voices and unhurried movements, as Apollo says, might help our education as much as what we get out of books. Maybe higher education, after all, means more than passing examinations. But life calls us; we must go back to earth.

FIRST GIRL. Lord of the lyre! Delphic Apollo! Muses of the Sacred Well! Our duty calls us away from these high presences. We thank you for the stately entertainment, for the reminders you have given us of truths that are as old as time and as young as the morning. We know but we forget. We realize that true education means the development of our better and finer selves. We thank you again! Will you not remember us sometimes when the sun is shining on the white clouds above Parnassus, and we are struggling in a workaday world? Perhaps a shaft of your radiance may reach us and illuminate our path.

(APOLLO and MUSES in statuesque attitudes. They do not speak again, but by means of lighting effects take more and more the effect of statuary.)

BELLEROPHON. I'll see you back the way you came.

FIRST GIRL. Nay, by a better way! But, after this, shall we not always be On the Road to Parnassus? Farewell, Great and Wise Ones! Farewell!

ALL GIRLS. Farewell!

(Tableau for a moment: GIRLS and BELLEROPHON at left of stage in attitude of farewell, APOLLO and MUSES at right.)

CURTAIN SLOWLY

DOROTHY'S NEIGHBORS.

A brand new comedy in four acts, by Marie Doran, author of "The New Co-Ed," "Tempest and Sunshine," and many other successful plays. 4 males, 7 females. The scenes are extremely easy to arrange; two plain interiors and one exterior, a garden, or, if necessary, the two interiors will answer. Costumes modern. Plays 2¼ hours.

The story is about vocational training, a subject now widely discussed; also, the distribution of large wealth.

Back of the comedy situation and snappy dialogue there is good logic and a sound moral in this pretty play, which is worthy the attention of the experienced amateur. It is a clean, wholesome play, particularly suited to high school production, Price, 30 Cents.

MISS SOMEBODY ELSE.

A modern play in four acts by Marion Short, author of "The Touchdown," etc. 6 males, 10 females. Two interior scenes. Costumes modern. Plays 2¼ hours.

This delightful comedy has gripping dramatic moments, unusual character types, a striking and original plot and is essentially modern in theme and treatment. The story concerns the adventures of Constance Darcy, a multi-millionaire's young daughter. Constance embarks on a trip to find a young man who had been in her father's employ and had stolen a large sum of money. She almost succeeds, when suddenly all traces of the young man are lost. At this point she meets some old friends who are living in almost want and, in order to assist them through motives benevolent, she determines to sink her own aristocratic personality in that of a refined but humble little Irish waitress with the family that are in want. She not only carries her scheme to success in assisting the family, but finds romance and much tense and lively adventure during the period of her incognito, aside from capturing the young man who had defrauded her father. The story is full of bright comedy lines and dramatic situations and is highly recommended for amateur production. This is one of the best comedies we have ever offered with a large number of female characters. The dialogue is bright and the play is full of action from start to finish; not a dull moment in it. This is a great comedy for high schools and colleges, and the wholesome story will please the parents and teachers. We strongly recommend it.

Price, 30 Cents,

PURPLE AND FINE LINEN.

An exceptionally pretty comedy of Puritan New England, in three acts, by Amita B. Fairgrieve and Helena Miller. 9 male, 5 female characters.

This is the Lend A Hand Smith College prize play. It is an admirable play for amateurs, is rich in character portrayal of varied types and is not too difficult while thoroughly pleasing.

Price, 30 Cents.

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BILLETED.

A comedy in 3 acts, by F. Tennison Jesse and H. Harwood. 4 males, 5 females. One easy interior scene. A charming comedy, constructed with uncommon skill, and abounds with clever lines. Margaret Anglin's big success. Amateurs will find this comedy easy to produce and popular with all audiences. Price, 60 Cents.

NOTHING BUT THE TRUTH.

A comedy in 3 acts. By James Montgomery. 5 males, 6 females. Costumes, modern. Two interior scenes. Plays 2½ hours.

Is it possible to tell the absolute truth—even for twenty-four hours? It is—at least Bob Bennett, the hero of "Nothing But the Truth," accomplished the feat. The bet he made with his business partners, and the trouble he got into—with his partners, his friends, and his fiancée—this is the subject of William Collier's tremendous comedy hit. "Nothing But the Truth" can be whole-heartedly recommended as one of the most sprightly, amusing and popular comedies that this country can boast. Price, 60 Cents.

IN WALKED JIMMY.

A comedy in 4 acts, by Minnie Z. Jaffa. 10 males, 2 females (although any number of males and females may be used as clerks, etc.). Two interior scenes. Costumes, modern. Plays 2½ hours. The thing into which Jimmy walked was a broken-down shoe factory, when the clerks had all been fired, and when the proprietor was in serious contemplation of suicide.

Jimmy, nothing else but plain Jimmy, would have been a mysterious figure had it not been for his matter-of-fact manner, his smile and his everlasting humanness. He put the shoe business on its feet, won the heart of the girl clerk, saved her erring brother from jail, escaped that place as a permanent boarding house himself, and foiled the villain.

Clean, wholesome comedy with just a touch of human nature, just a dash of excitement and more than a little bit of true philosophy make "In Walked Jimmy" one of the most delightful of plays. Jimmy is full of the religion of life, the religion of happiness and the religion of helpfulness, and he so permeates the atmosphere with his "religion" that everyone is happy. The spirit of optimism, good cheer, and hearty laughter dominates the play. There is not a dull moment in any of the four acts. We strongly recommend it.

Price, 60 Cents.

MARTHA BY-THE-DAY.

An optimistic comedy in three acts, by Julie M. Lippmann, author of the "Martha" stories. 5 males, 5 females. Three interior scenes. Costumes modern. Plays 2½ hours.

It is altogether a gentle thing, this play. It is full of quaint humor, old-fashioned, homely sentiment, the kind that people who see the play will recall and chuckle over to-morrow and the next day.

Miss Lippmann has herself adapted her very successful book for stage service, and in doing this has selected from her novel the most telling incidents, infectious comedy and homely sentiment for the play, and the result is thoroughly delightful. Price, 60 Cents.

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SAMUEL FRENCH, 28-30 West 38th Street, New York City
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The Touch-Down

A comedy in four acts, by Marion Short. 8 males, 6 females, but any number of characters can be introduced in the ensembles. Costumes modern. One interior scene throughout the play. Time, 2½ hours.

This play, written for the use of clever amateurs, is the story of life in Siddell, a Pennsylvania co-educational college. It deals with the vicissitudes and final triumph of the Siddell Football Eleven, and the humorous and dramatic incidents connected therewith.

"The Touch-Down" has the true varsity atmosphere, college songs are sung, and the piece is lively and entertaining throughout. High schools will make no mistake in producing this play. We strongly recommend it as a high-class and well-written comedy.

Price, 30 Cents.

Hurry, Hurry, Hurry

A comedy in three acts, by LeRoy Arnold. 5 males, 4 females. One interior scene. Costumes modern. Plays 2¼ hours.

The story is based on the will of an eccentric aunt. It stipulates that her pretty niece must be affianced before she is twenty-one, and married to her fiancé within a year, if she is to get her spinster relative's million. Father has nice notions of honor and fails to tell daughter about the will, so that she may make her choice untrammelled by any other consideration than that of true love. The action all takes place in the evening the midnight of which will see her reach twenty-one. Time is therefore short, and it is hurry, hurry, hurry, if she is to become engaged and thus save her father from impending bankruptcy.

The situations are intrinsically funny and the dialogue is sprightly. The characters are natural and unaffected and the action moves with a snap such as should be expected from its title.

Price, 30 Cents.

The Varsity Coach

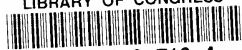
A three-act play of college life, by Marion Short, specially adapted to performance by amateurs or high school students. 5 males 6 females, but any number of boys and girls may be introduced in the action of the play. Two settings necessary, a college boy's room and the university campus. Time, about 2 hours.

Like many another college boy, "Bob" Selby, an all-round popular college man, becomes possessed of the idea that athletic prowess is more to be desired than scholarship. He is surprised in the midst of a "spread" in his room in Regatta week by a visit from his aunt who is putting him through college. Aunt Serena, "a lady of the old school and the dearest little woman in the whole world," has hastened to make this visit to her adored nephew under the mistaken impression that he is about to receive the Fellowes prize for scholarship. Her grief and chagrin when she learns that instead of the prize Robert has received "a pink card," which is equivalent to suspension for poor scholarship, gives a touch of pathos to an otherwise jolly comedy of college life. How the repentant Robert more than redeems himself, carries off honors at the last, and in the end wins Ruth, the faithful little sweetheart of the "Prom" and the classroom, makes a story of dramatic interest and brings out very clearly certain phases of modern college life. There are several opportunities for the introduction of college songs and "stunts."

Price, 30 Cents.

(The Above Are Subject to Royalty When Produced)

SAMUEL FRENCH, 28-30 West 38th Street, New York City
New and Explicit Descriptive Catalogue Mailed Free on Request



The Return of Hi Jinks

A comedy in four acts, by Marion Short, author of "The Varsity Coach," "The Touch-Down," etc. 6 males, 8 females. Costumes modern. One interior scene.

This comedy is founded upon and elaborated from a farce comedy in two acts written by J. H. Horta, and originally produced at Tuft's College.

Hiram Poynter Jinks, a Junior in Hoosic College (Willie Collier type), and a young moving picture actress (Mary Pickford type), are the leading characters in this lively, modern farce.

Thomas Hodge, a Senior, envious of the popularity of Jinks, wishes to think up a scheme to throw ridicule upon him during a visit of the Hoosic Glee Club to Jinks's home town. Jinks has obligingly acted as a one-day substitute in a moving picture play, in which there is a fire scene, and this gives Hodge his cue. He sends what seems to be a bona fide account of Jink's heroism at a Hoosic fire to Jink's home paper. Instead of repudiating his laurels as expected, Jinks decides to take a flyer in fame, confirms the fake story, confesses to being a hero and is adored by all the girls, to the chagrin and discomfiture of Hodge. Of course, the truth comes out at last, but Jinks is not hurt thereby, and his romance with Mimi Mayflower comes to a successful termination.

This is a great comedy for amateurs. It is full of funny situations and is sure to please. Price, 30 Cents.

June

A most successful comedy-drama in four acts, by Marie Doran, author of "The New Co-Ed," "Tempest and Sunshine," "Dorothy's Neighbors," etc. 4 males, 8 females. One interior scene. Costumes modern. Plays $2\frac{1}{4}$ hours.

This play has a very interesting group of young people. June is an appealing little figure, an orphan living with her aunt. There are a number of delightful, life-like characters: the sorely tried likeable Mrs. Hopkins, the amusing, haughty Miss Banks of the glove department, the lively Tilly and Milly, who work in the store, and ambitious Snoozer; Mrs. Hopkins's only son, who aspires to be President of the United States, but finds his real sphere is running the local trolley car. The play is simplicity itself in the telling of an every-day story, and the scenic requirements call for only one set, a room in the boarding house of Mrs. Hopkins, while an opportunity is afforded to introduce any number of extra characters. Musical numbers may be introduced, if desired. Price, 30 Cents.

Tempest and Sunshine

A comedy drama in four acts, by Marie Doran. 5 males and 3 females. One exterior and three interior scenes. Plays about 2 hours.

Every school girl has revelled in the sweet simplicity and gentleness of the characters interwoven in the charms that Mary J. Holmes commands in her story of "Tempest and Sunshine." We can strongly recommend this play as one of the best plays for high school production published in recent years. Price, 30 Cents.

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